Of the Blood

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Of the Blood

by EvelynFire

Summary

Will inched closer to the offer, loosening his jaws, he reposited the heart into Hannibal's fingers.
Achingly slow, Hannibal raised the heart to his face. He looked over it's ventricles and it's colors. He seemed to study it before he spoke. "There is nothing else like wolf's blood. It is wild, and tastes of power."

Notes

Contains violence, blood, rough language and more. Message me at Evelynfire.tumblr.com to ask about the content if you would like to make sure it is okay for you to read.
Comments are very much appreciated.
Thank you.

Wolf

Will could smell him before he ever saw Hannibal. The odor strong and foreboding. He smelled of a pristine lake, autumn, and mulched earth saturated with blood. The scent fairer than most, Will came to anticipate it fondly every evening that they worked together.
Months ago, when Jack made their introductions, he never mentioned the truth of Hannibal. Will was sure Jack was ignorant of it. But Will knew with the smell coming off of Hannibal that he was some kind of vampire.
Will's entire life, he had spent it avoiding men like Hannibal, living fearful of their awesome strength and territorial violence. To be so close to Hannibal in the early evening was a special treat.
The moon would soon be full, not the coming night, but the night after. Will's senses were sharper and more acute now than any other time of the month. Working with Hannibal that evening would be undeniably delightful. He found he often became light headed from thickly drawing Hannibal's smell in over, over and over again.
Will poured through his files in his office, looking for a pattern that would shed lights on the motive, the reason, the need for his perpetrator's string of mutilations. He had so far only come to results he himself could prove false. He scratched the back of his neck agitatedly.
Will smelled him after the sun had set, the smell of nature and water that always preluded Hannibal Lecter.
Will smoothed his clothes, his hair, in effort to present well to Hannibal.
He came through the door after a swift knock and an affirmative voice from Will.
Resplendent and graceful, Hannibal came through the door. Will's nostrils opened and flared at the full exposure to the smell now. He tried to hide positive emotions he attributed to Hannibal that threatened to cross onto his face.
Hannibal also seemed to be sensing Will with something more than sight. He stood across from Will at the other side of his desk and spoke. "Good evening."
"Good evening." Will agreed, smiling to himself only. "Would you care to come take a look at the information I have gathered?"
Hannibal nodded, he said he would. He turned around the edge of the table. Hannibal took one of the files from Will's desk, he held it up in his arms.
"The only thing I know concretely so far, is that his attacks are hinged on the lunar cycle." Will began to regale Hannibal with his speech.
"These mutilations are crudely done." Hannibal added. "Some would say the bodies have been ravaged."
Will nodded. "But there were no forced entries or exits."
Hannibal looked at the rest of Will's information, sparse as it was. He thought for a moment, then spoke "I believe we could find the culprit within your community."
Will blushed and replied almost too quickly. "I thought this as well… But I don't really know other wolves..."
"Could you not confer with local pack members about who may have done this?" Hannibal asked, he did not whisper but his voice was quiet.
"I ehm, they won't speak to me. I'm not their kin." Will shuffled his papers to avoid looking at Hannibal.
"I see." Hannibal replied. No tone to his voice, unreadable. "Perhaps I may be able to assist

in procuring information?"
Will's ears piqued and he looked at Hannibal. "I would accept any help I could get, thank you." His mind scanned the outcrop of reasons Hannibal would have to help him, though no dastardly reasons came to him, he accepted the help with misgiving and doubt. "How long have you… known about me?" he asked, awkward yet unsurprised that Hannibal knew of his second form.
"I have known since I first met you." Hannibal replied.
"I could tell when I met you also..." Will looked back on to his papers.
"May I ask why it is you are not affiliated with a pack?" Hannibal asked. "I have come to understand that pack membership is compulsory within the family." Hannibal asked.
"It is, but I have no family." he explained. "My father was the pack leader, and when he died, I was no longer welcomed by the new leader."
"I apologize if my questioning is too invasive." Hannibal retracted himself, sensitive to Will's trauma.
"It's okay, I understand your curiosity." Will did, because he longed to ask Hannibal about himself. How old he was, how he ate, all of the questions he could never ask one of his kind before.
"I am two hundred and thirty five years old." Hannibal supplied. "I subsist on the blood of several humans who are willingly bound to me."
Will froze, his spine sent out a plume of responses down his back and the color in his face drained. "I umm." Will stutter started. "I guess that answers my other question."
"What kind of vampire I am?" Hannibal asked. "My abilities are focused around telepathy and extrasensory perception."
"So you can't fly?" Will asked.
"No. Nor can I turn into animals." Hannibal answered before Will asked.
"I'm sorry, I don't want to be nosey." Will redacted.
"Nonsense, you answered my question." Hannibal smiled slightly. "It's only fair I should satisfy yours."
"If you can read minds." Will started. "Why do you even need to ask me questions?"
Hannibal answered as though he had said the same thing many times before. "It is rude to rummage around in someone's mind like an old chest." He sat in the chair on the opposite of Will's desk. "I refrain from reading my friends, and only use this ability in conversation to prove it exists, or to keep myself safe."
Will distinctly thought 'so are you listening to me still?' Hannibal didn't reply, but Will swore, he could feel the presence of someone else in his mind. Will was not completely shut off from his intuitive nature, and he knew Hannibal was not wholly out of his head. He was certain Hannibal knew he was thinking this.
"I take it, from your offer earlier." Will changed the subject. "That you have connections in wolf community?"
Hannibal nodded. "I cannot reveal them to you, however I can tell you the group I suspect is the group that I do not have eyes on, the Moon Fang pack."
Will suppressed a growl in his throat that came up when he heard the name. He coughed it off and pretended a cough was all it ever was. "That is a shame, I would suspect them first as well…" He thought for a moment. "Can't you read them and find out if any of them are responsible for this?" Will gestured to the bloody photographs.
"I'm afraid I can't." Hannibal replied with honor wounds. "These men and women, they do not think in terms of language… They think like wolves, which I cannot decipher."
Will had a terrible idea, something like a plan, yet more reckless dreadful. "If I joined their

pack…" Will mused, beginning. "I'm sure I could figure out if any of them did it…" Will's blood felt electrified.
"You had said that one is born into a group, how would you presume to gain entry into that of the Moon Fang?" Hannibal asked, urging Will on.
"The Moon Fang aren't like a normal pack… They're more like a gang." Will sat in his own chair finally. "They're made mostly of wolves exiled from their home pack. It doesn't happen often, but some wolves, they're ruthless, they break the laws, they get kicked out."
Hannibal sat quietly and let Will form his rudimentary plan.
"Packs like that, if you're not born to them, the only way in is killing the most recent member." Will's claws lengthened at the prospect of a fight, he salivated.
"If membership was possible for you, why have you never sought a place in this pack?" Hannibal asked, knowing the answer.
"I… Don't like killing." Will answered, shaking his head for emphasis. "When I change, I run my property with my dogs, I hunt animals. I don't fight."
"Do you believe you could earn membership?" Hannibal asked. "Could you win against their newest member?"
Will nodded. "Wolves like that are stupid, they attack without thinking and only fight with their jaws." He looked at his hands and retracted the claws he'd realized were apparent. "But they have no morals and will fight dirty."
"The ultimate question you then must ask yourself." Hannibal spoke. "Would you go so far to stop this murderer?"
Will nodded with little thought. "I would… I will. He's not murdering his own people, every victim has been human."
Hannibal was sitting very still. "I can tell you where to find them, I will confer with the connections I have among other packs."
"Of course." Hannibal said. "Consider me your ally."
"I will." He confirmed. "And consider me yours."
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Will witnessed the Baltimore warehouse the Moon Fang occupied with Hannibal. Unlike traditional packs, the Moon Fang were together in the building at almost all times. Operating like a squadron or coven, protecting their own was paramount.
Will cased the building the next morning, never coming within two hundred feet of the old dilapidated structure. But he could smell the old blood and rancidity wafting down wind and it raised his hair.
Hannibal had told him, he would be at the end of the street, listening for Will. Hannibal would be his safety net should Will come into real danger.
Though he despised it, Will's stomach leapt in excitement. A real fight. He hadn't fought another wolf since before he left Louisiana.
The moon was almost out when Will came to the door of the warehouse. He wore no shoes and shirt as those who seek a challenge must. He opened the door and went through. He called to Hannibal in his mind, he let him know he was entering.
The pack was listening to their Alpha preach, but when Will entered their space, their angry faces turned towards him en masse.
"I'm here to challenge for membership!" Will yelled.
The alpha howled when Will's words soaked into his head. He was loud, and Will could still hear his voice even as the rest of the pack joined in the call.
A woman, close to Will's age stepped forward, she rounded the front of the pack and snarled at Will, growling and showing teeth.

Will growled back, louder and deeper.
He watched her kick her boots off and throw them to the side. She pulled the dirty cotton tee shirt over her head and threw it in the same direction as her shoes. Will nodded to her and unbuttoned his trousers. he stepped out of them at his ankles and waited for her to do the same.
The pack formed a circle around the two of them as they stepped in the center of the warehouses' cement floor.
He stood tall stretching and letting his body unfurl its wolven skin.
Will knew, he was an impressive wolf, large and black like an ink spot. He knelt as he changed, lowering closer to the floor. As a wolf his legs were long and tipped with sharper claws than a natural wolf had. He stood, tail pointed straight to the sky, awaiting his opponent's completion.
She was smaller, but Will could see, of strong stock. Grey and black, she growled and licked her teeth.
Will began circling her. His plan was to take her as quickly as he could. Refrain from showing off. Quick and simple. As he walked she kept to the opposite side of him. Snarling and attempting to intimidate him.
Will kept an eye on her footing, looking for weaknesses, injury, clumsiness. He noted, her left hind leg was weakest; it bent awkwardly when he circled her to her left side.
He fake charged her. As he did, she lunged to his left. He ducked right. She whined high and ran from him.
He resumed circling again. Licking his mouth expectantly. But the longer he remained changed, the less his human mind controlled him. He could not play with her any longer.
He came at her, and once more, she bore left. Will took his right again, and bit her under her neck as she tried to get to his side.
She yelped loudly and blood gushed from her throat but Will did not let his jaws unclench as she fell on her side, even when she tried to snip his legs with her teeth.
The pack howled again as she was struggling. Will pulled on her throat, pushing on her body as he did. He felt the sinew begin to tear from her neck. Will's fur was warm with the blood spraying up around him.
Will dislodged the muscle and cartilage fully. He held the flesh between his teeth, breathing in the smell through his snout. He unclenched his jaw and bit into her neck again to ensure the kill.
The Moon Fang pack was silent until Will was finished ravaging the body and no life was left in her.
Then came the howls, renewed. Will lifted his bloody maw to the ceiling and howled back to them.
The Alpha was first to change. He was larger than Will, but only by a few round inches. He jauntily came to the center of the circle. He sat and waited. Will, with his tail low came to the wolf and licked his teeth.
The Alpha knelt to the the dead pack member and ripped flesh from the corpse, swallowing it in one large gulp. The other pack members began changing as well, they each ate from the dead wolf until the body was a decimated carcass.
The wolves the began tackling each other. Jumping upon one another with snarling and yelps echoing back and forth on the walls. Will bit, scratched, and howled as well until the energy could no longer be contained in the one room. They began to spill out of the delivery doors, descending upon the industrial plain of concrete and oil slick.
He gave up looking for suspicious activity and focused his attention on the hunt.

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Will woke dirty, crowded back in the warehouse among other dirty bodies. He was sure, leaving would be a mistake.
He would have to gain trust in order to discover the party responsible for the string of mutilations. As much as his mind attempted persuaded him to leave this hovel, he stayed and pretended to sleep.
His safety net, Hannibal, would be gone now in the early afternoon light. He had no choice but to stay.
Will heard someone shuffling over the way, close to the wall.
Will listened to the man who walked shuffling, stand in the open door frame and piss out onto the cement. He heard others shuffle after that.
“Merlfred, you take your ass outside to do that.” a voice yelled sitting up. “We all don't wanna smell your piss.”
“It’s cold out!” Merlfred yelled back.
Will looked up at who was standing. A muscled woman stood nude and ran at Merlfred. He was surprised and only got his hands up as she was punching his mouth. Over and over she smashed her fist against his lips and his jaw.
“Fuck you Bett!” He screamed. Cowering on the floor, his hands holding his face where he was hurt.
The others laughed at him and began to get up and find their clothes.
“Hey, new guy.” A young man with shaggy hair shouted.
“Yeah?” Will piped up.
“You got any cash?” He asked, making strong eye contact.
“No. I don’t have anything.” Will said. He hadn’t brought his wallet.
He glanced at Will, searching for a lie.
“What’s your name?” Someone else asked from behind him.
“Will.” He said to the room in large.
“Where’d you get so good at fighting?” Another person asked.
“My father was a pack leader in Louisiana.” He replied.
“Why you ain’t in Louisiana then.” Bett asked, tone annoyed.
“He was killed.” Will replied. “I was exiled” Bett nodded.
“Why are you just now joining us here?” The Alpha finally spoke.
Will had expected this question. It was abnormal for a packless wolf to seek a group without reason. “I missed pack life." Will spun.
Will saw the Alpha smile. “And you heard our reputation.” His grin was open toothed, showing off the rot on his teeth and the meat stuck in between them.
“I did.” Will mirrored a smile back, finding it distasteful and forced on his mouth.
“Tell him about the trial.” Bett prompted impatiently.
The Alpha shot her a look and she turned away from their conversation, as well, the small group of men and women all turned away towards each other. They tackled and laughed with one another while Will and the Alpha spoke privately.
“You got in, sure, and we was all impressed with you, but we ain’t going to call you brother till you pass the trial.” He explained.
“What’s the trial?” Will asked, knowing already what it must have been.
“You got to kill a human and bring the heart to me.” He smiled that the decayed grin again.
Will hid his disgust and nodded his head in understanding. He looked around the room. “All the others, they’ve passed the trial?”
“Every body.” He seemed proud. “My own kids even done it.”

“Not much of a trial. Sounds fun.” He lied.
“Sure is.” He clapped Will on his back. “Now I would recommend you get this done soon, cause the longer you wait, the more shit you gonna catch from the others.”
“I’ll do it tonight.” Will nodded.
“We’re glad we got you Will.” He nodded. “We always need strong wolves.”
“Thanks.” Will replied. “I’m gonna need some time out runnin’ to find a mark.”
“Take all the time you want, we ain’t got no plans till tomorrow night.” He smiled the same rotten smile. “We gonna kill them hobo’s out in the park.”
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Will walked on his two legs to the position Hannibal had held last night. He knew he would find him there again come nightfall.
He waited, cleaning the dirt and blood out from under his nails while sitting on the roof of the old hotel building.
At seven, the wind delivered to Will the smell he knew well,He stood expectantly. Hannibal arrived silently, yet in plain sight.
Will inclined his head respectfully, his mind in a place of subordination. Hannibal returned the nod polite and understanding.
“Every member of the pack has murdered at least one human.” Will informed Hannibal, who had stood waiting for his report. “They expect me to deliver a human heart to the Alpha.”
“I see.” Hannibal sounded almost contemplative and asked, “how would you describe these wolves?”
“They are out of touch with humanity.” Will explained. “They walk around with claws and seemingly have no empathy.”
Hannibal was silent, then spoke. “You killed one of the pack members?”
Nausea and a rush of dopamine came up in Will at the same time. “Yes.” Will replied.
“Were you injured?” Hannibal leaned over, sniffing Will.
“...No, not really.” Will replied, his muscles tensing as Hannibal leaned close. “She was really untrained… I just wanted to do it quickly.”
“We must exterminate this pack.” Hannibal concluded. “Their disrespect for the dichotomy and cohabitation of the supernatural and the human worlds is obvious.”
Will nodded, agreeing.
“Would you care to assist me in this?” Hannibal asked.
Will spoke, “Yes… But... I have to… I have to be the one to kill the Alpha.” Will continued. “To be truly free from the pack, I have to kill him, or else I would technically still be a member...”
“I will leave him to you.” Hannibal conceded, indulgent of traditional stipulations.
“When should we plan to do this?” Will asked. “He intends me to bring him a heart tonight and pledge my fealty.”
“Then it should be tonight.” Hannibal replied as though he were giving the time.
Will felt fear, it subsided when he saw how relaxed Hannibal was. “It shouldn’t be hard.” he said, diminutive.
They organized a plan of attack. Hannibal would come through, killing all but the one Will described as the Alpha.
With the full moon past, Will’s strength and sharpness would only diminish every day that passed before the moon cycle once again raised his senses. Their hastened plan was reasonable, Will could not play along with the Wolf Fang pack another day. Yet, His appetite for violence raised with his recent actions, Will found himself excited and not fearful as he and Hannibal stalked towards the old warehouse.

Will watched the perimeter of the building to stop any wolves that decided to flee the fight. He barely knew before Hannibal was inside. The sounds of panic and the smell of blood hit Will soon after. He had the urge to change himself and run inside to attack the Moon Fang pack. He kept himself static and readied.
He heard only a few voices left inside the warehouse. Will came in the building from the delivery doors he knew would be open. His heart beat faster for the sight within.
Hannibal seemed to be in every corner of the building at one time, his hands were glimpses of red that slashed across throats and abdomens.
The Alpha and Bett stood close, eyes frantically searching in anticipation of Hannibal's next appearance.
"WILL!" the Alpha screamed once he saw Will standing in the open doorway. "GET OVER HERE!"
Will ran to join them in their vigilance and defense.
The two were too slow to comprehend that the slaughter was result of Will's betrayal. Bett said, "We need to get out of here." She pulled her top off, unhindered and began to change herself. The sound of her neck snapping was a thunderous crack in the air that echoed softly with reverberating screams.
Will and the Alpha were the only wolves left in the room. Unchanged, he looked at Will. He looked at Hannibal whose clothing was drenched in red.
Will's claws long and ready, he waited for the Alpha to look back to him, his breath was easy and patient.
The Alpha turned, his intention of escaping through the delivery door thwarted by Hannibal who beat him there, blocking his passage.
He growled in fear and turned right into will.
Will let his fist loose into the man's stomach, as he bent over, gasping and winded, Will followed the momentum and raised his knee to meet the Alpha's face.
Blood gushed from his nose on Will's trousers and the Alpha fell on his side. He scrambled to get up, breathing hard through his mouth, his teeth shown long and changed. "You." he accused,
Will said nothing, but stood prepared for a charge.
Predictably, the Alpha came straight for Will, his jaws aimed for Will's throat.
Will kicked the man with his heel, sending him backwards, falling on his back. Closing the distance between them, Will kicked the man in his head as hard as he was able.
Incapacitated, the Alpha tried to pull himself up, dizzily unable to.
Will knelt down to him. He allowed his whole body to change. Feeling ease and the ability to do what he must, Will attacked the fallen Alpha.
He bit holes in the throat and and punctured the arteries. Blood sprayed his fur and his mouth. Will mauled the man, ripping into him as he had done with the wolf he previously challenged. Pulling, lacerating the flesh, he chewed and swallowed whole pieces of muscle. The man still breathed, though labored and shallow. Using the whole gait of his maw, Will bit into the man's chest. He ate and discarded pieces of the meat till he came to the ribcage. Deliberate and strong, Will crunched the bones into pieces and let them fall from his mouth with a soft slap and clatter on the floor.
Will maneuvered with his fangs and his claws till the dead Alpha's chest was open to him. Wildly he pulled the heart from the chest, the tender muscle in his mouth still warm. He cradled it between teeth, blood rolling down his chin.
Will scampered from the carcass to where Hannibal stood still by the open door. Standing expectantly before him, waiting.

Hannibal outstretched his hand, palm up.
Will inched closer to the offer, loosening his jaws, he reposited the heart into Hannibal's fingers.
Achingly slow, Hannibal raised the heart to his face. He looked over it's ventricles and it's colors. He seemed to study it before he spoke. "There is nothing else like wolf's blood. It is wild, and tastes of power."
Will's head was turned up to watch Hannibal as he licked, sucked, and squeezed the heart. The blood painting his hands and his face wet again.
Hannibal exsanguinated the heart, letting it plop on the hard floor. He outstretched his hand to Will.
Will licked the blood from Hannibal's fingertips, his palm. He could nary believe the act itself.
Hannibal knelt down to Will and pet his forehead, rubbing behind Will's ears, down his neck. Will whined to express his gratitude, leaning in for more contact with Hannibal's fingers.
Groans came from the perimeter of the room, Will heard the sounds mixed with the shuffling of boots scraping the floor in attempts to move.
Will licked Hannibal once more and walked away to end the lives of the survivors.
Hannibal flung the corpses into the center of the room like he was tossing stones in the ocean while Will attacked throats.
Hannibal set a fire, quick with a lighter from a wolf's pocket. He had the fire roaring in only a few minutes, breaking pallets from the warehouse to kindle the flame.
Hannibal gestured his hand to Will to see him out of the building.
Rejuvenated with a battle won and blood spilled. Will trotted out to the streets that were thankfully empty in the late night. He heeled Hannibal, walking close to the man's legs.
As the night life became more populated, no one seemed to notice the bloody pair. Will glanced up to Hannibal who returned the look with intent. Hannibal cloaked them on the walk that took them to the front door of Hannibal's home.
Hannibal deftly turned locks and opened the door for the pair. Inside, Will was unsure if he should transform himself back into a man. Instead he drew in the smell of Hannibal's home.
Hannibal shed his soiled clothing in the hallway, stepping naked into the kitchen through an arch in the wall.
Hannibal washed his hands, his face, and his neck in the sink. Will watched, waiting.
Hannibal dried himself with a towel on the counter and looked at the wolf on his floor.
Will shook himself as though drying from the rain.
"There is a restroom down the hall, to the left." Hannibal looked at him again. "You may use the bathtub."
Will woofed in understanding, padding carefully on the rug towards the bathroom. Once to the door, he applied mental and physical pressure to his body, rising up, he balanced back upon his lengthening and straightening legs. Turning the doorknob with his human hand, Will concealed himself in the room.
The blood on his face was dried now and it plastered his mouth, his chin, his neck. He Turned Hannibal's faucet,letting the water warm while he washed off some of the blood in the sink. He sat in the hot water scrubbing with bar soap and his fingernails. He got clean and pulled a towel from the bar on the wall.
Will drank some water from the sink tap to swish around his mouth and teeth, then drank fresh water to ease the discomfort in his stomach from eating the dead Alpha. His gut did flips thinking about it, simultaneously disgusted and enthralled.
He tied the towel around his waist and opened the door. Folded trouser and a sweater sat on

the floor in the hallway. Immeasurably grateful, he dropped his towel where he was, sliding the pants on and slipping the sweater over him.
The clothes were a size too large for him, yet they put his mind at ease. He stepped back to the kitchen to see Hannibal, finding him gone from the room.
Will began to investigate the house while searching for Hannibal. Old photographs and baubles from many years ago decorated the gallery shelves and tables in the halls and rooms. Will turned a corner to a large, open alcove. Hannibal was sitting on a sofa, holding a woman in his arms. His mouth focused upon her neck, he still looked up to Will as he entered, making eye contact with him.
Will blushed and turned around, walking from the room briskly.
"You may come back in.' Hannibal called after a pause, softly and lowly to keep Will at ease.
Will unfroze himself and came back to the large room. The woman was lain on the couch, her head turned away from Will facing the back of the sofa. Hannibal was standing close to her, fixing his clothing.
"I'm sorry, I didn't know you were…" Will said.
"It is fine." Hannibal assured easily.
"Is she… Okay?" Will asked.
Hannibal raised an eyebrow. He replied, "This is Vanessa."
Will thought. "Is she one of the 'willfully bound' you spoke of?" He asked.
"I assist Vanessa in her historical work, I am compensated in this way." He gestured to her on the couch.
Will couldn't help but stare at Hannibal's mouth. His lips looked stained from wine and when he spoke, his incisors shone in the light from a hanging fixture.
"Thank you…" Will spoke slowly, mesmerized. "For the… for the clothes."
"You are welcome." Hannibal replied. Pausing he asked. "Would you care to taste her blood?"
Will's mouth flooded with saliva at the question and his tongue became crowded with the lengthened teeth and fangs that bolstered there. He stared at her exposed throat openly. "I shouldn't." He shook his head softly, almost imperceptibly. "She would become tainted."
Hannibal nodded his head, "I understand."
Will looked around to avoid the topic.
"I apologise if I have made you uncomfortable." Hannibal's tone was changed.
"It's fine." Will answered. "I try to abstain from indulging my urges unless it is necessary… And I would need consent from Vanessa…"
"You hold yourself to a very high moral standing." Hannibal observed.
"This is their world." Will nodded to Vanessa again. "I try to not act within it unless it is beneficial to them."
"You would be the champion of humanity." Hannibal smiled.
"No…" Will thought. "I would not be their adversary."
"That is commendable." Hannibal replied but it was with little emotion.
"I'm sure you must think it's foolish." Will smiled.
"On the contrary I find it very wise of you." Hannibal took a step closer to Will.
"Thank you." Will replied quickly, feeling urged to step back from Hannibal, but stood still.
"It has been a long time since I have met someone with whom I am impressed." He came close to Will.
"Th-thank you." Will stuttered, his heart was beating away from him, with panic, with fear, yet he was reluctant to move, incapable of it.
"Very strong, intelligent" He spoke, he thought out loud. Hannibal put his hands on Will,

pulling him close. Will bent like a reed in the wind to him. Hannibal held the back of Will's head, breathing in only to smell his scent. Ritualistically, Hannibal turned Will's head to expose his neck. The pulsing was quick and the short beats pushed up against Will's skin. Hannibal bit into the flesh. Thicker than most human skin, he bit with no reserve.
Will's body bathed in cool pleasure, euphoric rapture, he moaned in his throat. Weightless, painless, he was at ease.
Hannibal drank slowly, swallowing mouthfuls as it flowed, allowing Will to bleed into him at his own pace.
Hannibal brought Will down with him as he sank to his knees. Holding him as Will became limp and weak.
Hannibal began to draw the blood from him as the heart pushed less and less. Listening for the right time, Hannibal slowed his pull on Will, waiting for the man's body to be at the cusp of failure. The less life that remained in him, the less wolfen blood there was, the more Hannibal could feed him, the stronger he would return.
Will's pulse slowed to six beats every minute, limp limbs falling where they liked, heat evaporating from him.
Hannibal cradled Will, sitting him up. He bit into his own wrist, ripping a mouthful of flesh from his left arm. Poising the dripping blood over Will's mouth, he let it fall between his open lips.
Hannibal saw Will's neck contract and swallow the liquid, compulsory, or willfully, it did not matter.
The first swallow roused him. Will swallowed again, and again. Taking back from Hannibal his transmuted life. He began to pull from the wound that brushed his lips, Will lifted his heavy arm to pin Hannibal's wrist to himself.
Will bit into the wrist on his own, eliciting surprise and a soft grunt from Hannibal. He drew more blood into himself from the fresh wound.
Hannibal smiled at the tenacity. He smoothed the hair back from Will's face with his free right hand.
Will grabbed the new arm, letting go Hannibal's left, he bit into the side he could get his mouth on, tearing another wound, he drank more.
Hannibal allowed him his way, impressed with his ferocity still.
Will suckled until the wound became hard to draw from. His eyes creased open, his hands fumbled for Hannibal. He groped almost blindly till he found Hannibal's shoulder. Pulling with exhaustion and determination, he climbed to Hannibal's level.
Sloppily, Will gnawed on his neck, spilling Hannibal's blood on himself, on the floor. He bit and sucked and swallowed.
Hannibal braced Will who teetered dangerously, close to falling. He descended onto his back, laying on the rug.
Will crawled over Hannibal's body, his face buried in the man's bloodied neck, operating with the base need to consume.
Hannibal let Will continue until he began to feel light in his head, an uncomfortable feeling which at first, he couldn't identify. He pushed Will gently, rolling out from under him.
Hannibal lain Will on his back. He sat on his knees to the side of the weak body.
Rasping and pleading, breath and moans were audible from Will, and Hannibal stroked his forehead again to soothe him. "I know." Hannibal uttered softly.
Will writhed on the floor, his limbs spasmed as though seized.
"Let yourself go." Hannibal coached, his palm caressing Will's face. "Do not fight this."

Still he groaned, pulling up into the fetal position.
Hannibal drew Will into his arms, holding him through the change that ravaged his body.

Blood

Will remained static for three days. Hannibal stayed with him in the cellar. He waited, silent and patient.
When the sun fell on the fourth night, Will stirred. Hannibal knew the instant the light shot on in Will's mind. He was silent and still, waiting for Will to quicken.
Will curled his fingers close to his palm. Feeling his skin stretch, the flesh of his fingers touching felt cool and smooth. He opened his eyes, half lidded and numb. The lights of the candles on the bedside table were too bright and he shut them.
His body was not his own, he surmised. It was an entirely different body. He took a breath in, which was unnecessary, and provided no relief to him. He let it go, and did not take another in.
His mouth was dry, painfully so. His throat was tight from disuse and ached for moisture.
He tried to recount his last few hours. He remembered his jaws, pulling the flesh from the Moon Fang Alpha. After that, he struggled. Searching his mind for memories, he saw that, if he followed a thread, an electrified link in his mind, it opened something. He imagined the end of the thread, and could sense a consciousness that spoke in a language he did not know, yet he understood it's intent. He could see inside.
Will opened his eyes only as far as he needed to see. He turned to Hannibal at his left. He opened his mouth to speak, but his throat was closed and brittle, no words could make it through him.
Hannibal lifted his arm and bit open the pristine skin, offering it to Will.
Will did not want it, yet the body, the body that was not his took it as soon as it could smell the blood. The smell, it was like the wildest flower, the perfume of the earth. And he drank it, the taste and the feeling of it brought tears from his eyes, he sobbed and cried, swallowing mouthfuls.
"Oh." Will exclaimed, overwhelmed with the sensation of it. His voice in his own ears was deafening. Will resumed drinking, calmer now, luxuriating in it.
He stopped once he felt full and closed his eyes again.
Will remember himself, as he had been, compelled by Hannibal. He remember the feeling of death. He could do nothing about it now.
Hannibal thought of Will, how helpless he seemed compared to the wolf he had seen fighting.
Will had heard what Hannibal thought.
"I understand now." Will muttered.
Hannibal waited for Will to say it aloud.
"Why you have done this to me." Will continued. "I am not upset with you… I'm not upset."
"You were lonely." Hannibal answered.
"So were you." Will perceived, looking at Hannibal to his side, reading his memories as plainly as a book.
They stared at each other. Hannibal gave up his blood to Will twice more. Each instance, Will felt stronger. He stood up on his strange limbs, capable of balance and some grace. They remained in the dark cellar for another day. Sleeping the sun out, heralding the moon as she came.
That next night, Will spoke grimly after he stared for a long time into a corner of the room.
"Could it be possible, that I could still change?"

“Are you capable now of testing it?” Hannibal asked.
Will didn’t move but answered. “Yes.”
He glanced towards Hannibal, then collected his thoughts, drawing upon the pressures he was anointed with. As he did, a vast bank opened in his mind. he saw the possibilities for himself. With ease, he channeled those sparks in his mind to fuel the pressure. Different yet redolent of his past, he felt the change begin. His body lowered onto his fours and it was as he remembered.
He still saw and thought the way he had now in his new processes. He stood up and faced Hannibal, sniffing and woofing at him. He raised his muzzle to the ceiling and howled for Hannibal’s benefit.
Hannibal smiled softly and once Will was finished calling out, he patted his head fondly.
“Are you able to hear me still?” Hannibal asked through directed thought.
Will woofed again.
“Come with me.” Hannibal directed.
Will released his pressure again, finding it more laborious to change his body back into it’s two legged state. He draped more of Hannibal’s larger clothes on himself.
Will followed up the stairs, through the released door. They stood in the kitchen, Will’s eyes could not see enough. He breathed in through his nose, curious of the smell. He was pleasantly surprised to enjoy the scent.
Hannibal lifted an older phone, dialing a number into the base. “Come, please.” Was all he said before setting the handset down.
Hannibal thought for Will to hear, “Behave yourself when they arrive.”
Will perceived excitement, his mind popped with sparks, yet his heart did not jump and his blood never stirred.
Hannibal and Will stared at each other. Probing one another’s minds with ease and with open honesty. Nothing in Will’s mind was closed off to Hannibal, none of it mattered now. His old memories, his fears, they meant nothing.
Will saw in Hannibal his human past, he saw the young man who attacked hannibal, young in stature, in appearance, but ancient in all other ways. Will could feel Hannibal’s fear, hear the way he screamed.
Tears in Will’s eyes brimmed over and leaked out.
“That is how it was done.” Hannibal replied, out loud. “Crude, with no care, no explanation.”
Hannibal wiped away the wetness from Will’s face with his thumb. He licked Will’s bloody tears from his hands. “Do not cry on my behalf.”
A knock on the door took them from their moment. Hannibal went to the door, Will followed as though hooked with tethers.
He opened up to a man who was in his thirties, fit, and Will could perceive, in love with Hannibal. Will could see the blood rush in the man, smell the hormones inside him. Will was consumed with need. It tickled the base of his neck, the need that radiated from his mind.
“Please come in.” Hannibal invited.
Will made room for the man to step through the doorway.
“Thank you.” he said, looking Will up and down, thinking positive things about him.
Will read the human with far more ease than he could read Hannibal. His thoughts were linear and lined up for consumption. He was a married man, he hated his job and looked forward to nights with Hannibal more than anything else.
Will smelled the man again, a scent of rain, salt, warmth and blood. He stared.
Hannibal touched Will’s back as they walked down the hall. “Leave him space.” He directed to Will’s mind.

Will slowed again to walk at Hannibal's heel. They landed in the large sitting room. Hannibal and the man sat on the sofa together, talking, but Will did not listen until he heard his name.
"No problem." The man, Will pulled the name Ryan, said.
Will watched Hannibal work. The way he caught his eye and held the man's head as he bit into the skin.
Will's vision was completely trained on the connection between them. Jealous and lustful.
"Come." Hannibal called after he drank from the wound for two or three minutes.
Will sat on the other side of Ryan. The human looked at him with heavy eyes, happiness in his brain, Will's brain.
Will did as Hannibal did, he wound his hand up the back of Ryans hair. He could smell the blood from Hannibal's bite and waiting was torture.
He bit into Ryan and deeply drank the hot blood that sputtered out of him.
"Let the blood come, do not draw it out." Hannibal guided.
Will eased his pull, his eyes closed in ecstasy. Overcome, he took mouthful after mouthful from Ryan.
When the flow of blood became weaker, Will bit another hole into the man.
"No." Hannibal spoke out. "He has given you all he can now."
Will held on to the waning man harder and sucked at the neck.
Hannibal pulled Will's arms from the man. Prying him, he cleared Will from Ryan.
Will growled in his chest, his arms attempting to break free and return to the blood.
"Shh, shh." Hannibal held on to Will, holding his arms back. He sat on the floor, keeping Will at his lap,
"I'm going to die!" Will screamed. "I'm so thirsty." he added, crying like a child.
"Shhh, come here." Hannibal cooed softly.
Will sobbed extravagantly but turned to face Hannibal's body. He clamored for Hannibal's wrist, biting into it with no prelude and greedily drinking his blood.
Will fell asleep after taking his fill. Hannibal let him rest on the floor and tended to Ryan.
The human had stopped bleeding, he would live. He needed rest and water.
Hannibal picked Will up, holding him like an infant, he carried him back downstairs. He spread him on his bed and patted him fondly.

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The first months would be horrible, but Hannibal had empathy for Will. He remembered the constant hunger, distress. Will had been reborn and his world was difficult. He would be there for him as the man who changed him had not been.
Hannibal prompted Ryan into waking, he had him drink a large class of water and eat an apple. He let the man sleep in the guest bedroom until he felt well enough to return to his home.
Hannibal descended the stairs again. He laid next to Will, watching him and listening until the rise of the sun put him to sleep.
-
Gradually, over weeks, months, Will leveled. His hunger curbed, he learned restraint under Hannibal's guidance. He adamantly refused to drink blood from a human without Hannibal's watch. He never left the house unless they were together.
Will wanted nothing to do with his old life. He quit his job. He placed his dogs in foster care with people he knew would love them. He had no desire to live his past again.
Hannibal assured him such steps were not necessary. They were necessary to Will. He knew

he must let go.
Hannibal and Will were sitting in the large room, reading. Will's head laying on Hannibal's lap with a book, learning German.
Hannibal sensed it before Will did. He sat straight up, he placed his palm, holding Will's sternum in place. "Listen." he directed Will with his thoughts.
Will heard jangling sounds, the door at the west side of the house. He tried to see into the intruder's mind, yet found it impossible to penetrate. Will looked to Hannibal who seemed to relax. He thought directly, "I know who it is."
Will wanted to ask who it was, but he knew Hannibal wouldn't answer. He focused on the book again, still listening for intrusion.
Every voice in his head told Will to seek the intruder and fight them. Yet he lay there, reading, Hannibal's hand holding him in place.
Will heard the door creak open, he heard light footsteps. He tried to keep himself calm, he pressed into the top on Hannibal's hand, keeping himself down. His book fell on the floor.
The footsteps stopped. Will looked to Hannibal.
"Aras." Hannibal called.
A face turned out from behind the arch of the doorway. "Yes?" it replied.
"Could you be courteous in the future, and knock on the door?" He asked, though some laughter was in his voice.
"I could, though I do love trying to take you unawares." He leaned his frame against the arch, easy in the space he seemed to Will.
"How long has it been now, Aras?" Hannibal asked, stroking Will's chest absently as he pondered.
"Eight years or so?" Aras replied. "I don't know, I have lost my count."
Hannibal agreed, yet He knew to the day just how long it had truly been.
Aras came in the room, sitting in Hannibal's armed chair. He sniffed in Will's direction roguishly. "And who is this?" He asked. "He smells new."
"This is Will." Hannibal patted Will's chest for emphasis.
"Will, hello." He smiled easily. "Aras." He supplied.
"Hello." Will said back.
"Hannibal has said nothing of me clearly" He teased.
"Your name may have come up after a few years." Hannibal smirked.
"Well you were always fantastic at avoiding things you don't like discussing." Aras quipped in return.
"...To what do I owe this pleasure?" Hannibal cut down to business.
"I wanted to see you." He played hurt. "Why must I have a reason?"
"Generally there is one." Hannibal focused his attention on Will, stroking his fingers mock absently.
This annoyed Aras, Hannibal knew it.
"I mean it… I truly do." Aras conceded. "But clearly you are busy." he looked at Will.
"What could you and I offer each other, dearest?" Hannibal asked. "What has not been previously expended between us?"
Will's mind was abuzz with violent urges and jealousy. He longed to rip Aras apart for the blood inside him. He was positive it was apparent to Aras and Hannibal. From the looks Aras gave him, he knew.
"The child seems to need feeding." Aras quipped.
"As you did at such an age." Hannibal replied, rolling up the sleeve of his cotton shirt with a pointed gaze to Aras.

Will sat up waiting expectantly.
Aras flipped through Hannibal's books on the end table, attempting to ignore Will holding Hannibal's arm tenderly.
"Would you prefer I go from here?" Aras asked, downtrodden and pathetic, the bite and wit from him lessening every moment he remained in their company.
"You may stay until next sundown, there is not much of the night left." Hannibal looked through the window as he spoke. "The guest room on the second floor has no windows in it, you may rest there."
"Thank you." Aras stood, bowing from habit as he left the room.
Will kissed Hannibal's arm in thanks and held it close to him still, Pulling Hannibal into him.
Hannibal kissed Will's neck and breathed in his scent. "Do not allow Aras to rattle you." He spoke into Will's ear.
"I didn't… I won't." Will replied. "Who is he to you?" Will asked finally unable to contain his curiosity.
Hannibal spoke low, the vibrations stirring into Will's cochlea but limited to only him. "In 1880 he was my lover."
Will was not surprised, but listened for more.
"He was boisterous even at that time, yet I was absolutely taken with him." Hannibal explained. "We were together only thirty years when he began to stray from me."
Will stroked Hannibal's arm to comfort him, to let him know he was engaged.
"He made others like us, with no regard to our partnership." he recounted sadly. "They were monsters… You understand how difficult it is to control yourself. A person new to our blood needs supervision, needs constant guidance. He could not provide it… I took care of the problems, he has never forgiven me."
"Why then is he here for you now?" Will asked softly, sleepily.
"I find it the most likely that he is in trouble, that he had come for protection." Hannibal said as quietly as before.
"Who would be after him?" Will asked, worry growing in the pit of his conscious.
"Any person he may have disobeyed, any one he may have offended." Hannibal guessed.
"Is it wise to shelter him?" Will asked.
"Aras is mine, I am responsible for him." Hannibal kissed Will's neck again. "But you are mine as well, I will always place your protection first."
Will smiled and yawned, stretching his arms back far enough to touch Hannibal's neck behind him.
Hannibal smiled as well and took Will into his arms. He carried Will to the cellar, delicately holding the man who was falling asleep from the sun that was just beginning to warm the Baltimore sky.
He set Will on his side of the bed. Will tucked in with his last remaining amount of energy. Hannibal slid in gracefully on the other side, coming in closer to Will. He wrapped his arms around him and let himself rest finally.
-
Hannibal woke early. For an hour he lay, watching Will's lush dreams of running through woods, killing rabbits and eating their entrails. Hannibal enjoyed seeing through Will's senses things he'd never experienced before. He felt when Will woke, his thoughts became purposeful, not a melange of past days and thoughts.
Hannibal's arms were still wrapped around Will's body. Will turned around to face Hannibal.
"Good evening." Hannibal said.
"Good evening." Will smiled. He saw in his mind the dream he had of a pet bird from

Hannibal's childhood.
Hannibal supplied. "Her name was Coco."
"A nice name." Will responded.
"She was a sharp and intelligent parrot." He remembered fondly.
"You've always enjoyed having pets haven't you." Will teased, but leaned forward to kiss.
Hannibal tutted at the comparison but returned the kiss, taking his lumps. Will's lips were soft on his own and the kiss toothy, amorous. They lazed for a time longer than they usually would have.
"How old were you when you were changed?" Will asked.
"I was twenty five." Hannibal replied "I was born on January 20th 1781."
"What was your life like before you were?"
Hannibal traced his hands along Will's shoulder blades. "I was a husband and a father, I owned some land and had a few titles inherited through my family name." he thought back, "My children were Viktoras, Ona, and Mischa. My wife's name was Aldona."
"Are any of their descendants living still?" Will asked.
Hannibal was silent for a while. "No." he said.
"Have you never looked?" Will asked.
"I do not need to look." Hannibal explained. "When I was first changed, I killed all of them."
Will froze as though taken into ice, he could see it in Hannibal's mind, the overwhelming hunger and instinct that he knew intimately inside himself. Will's emotions connected with his, he felt what Hannibal felt.
"Do not cry for me." Hannibal held Will close, despaired to be the cause of Will's tears.
"I've been so fortunate to have you..." Will whispered. He held on to Hannibal with all of his strength.
"I am the fortunate one." Hannibal corrected, nuzzling his face into Will's neck.
The clock chimed at eight in the evening before they went up the stairs. Aras had been gone for some time by then, and Hannibal surmised it was safe to invite over one of his human associates.
Hannibal called Michael. He was taller, larger, he had more blood to share with Will and himself, as well as a genuine fondness for the pair.
Will listened for Michael's arrival, aggressively attempting to hear him before Hannibal did. Hannibal heard Michael before Will did, of course. He welcomed the man into the his home. Will made pleasant talk with him, working to go as deep into Michael's mind as he could. Will looked into Michael. He went backwards, he saw memories, looking forward, he saw what Michael saw.
Will could see what Hannibal and he looked like to Michael, stoic and cold with light color. He saw a thread, electricity. He projected his own intents on his. Michael turned the way he wanted him to. He smiled at Hannibal the way Will wanted him to.
But Will was thirsty and beginning to feel restless.
"Take time, be patient." Hannibal instructed.
Will smiled, He impressed on Michael the urge to remove his shirt. He mentally prompted him down each button.
Hannibal watched as Michael did what Will directed. Proud of his offspring's acumen, he took the human in his arms. His eyes popped up to Will's over Michael's shoulder when he bit in.
Will smiled and watched, licking his teeth in anxious waiting.
Hannibal pulled back from Michael, leaving Will the lions share.
Will exacted his influence, making the sleepy Michael turn to him. He pierced and swallowed

the man, gentle as he could be, soft, caressing, kind.

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Almost two weeks later, Aras returned to Hannibal's home. This time, he rapped on the door loudly.

Hannibal had been entertaining several of his human cohorts, he cooked them a meal and poured them wine. That knock heralded Hannibal's bad mood.

Will had not seen such a face on him thus far. His brow constricted, his lip curled, and as briefly as Will saw it, his face was smooth and planular again.

Under Hannibal's silent direction, Will gathered the human guests into the sitting room. The crowd followed him raucously holding glasses of unfinished wine. They sat each on the furniture, laughing in high regalia.

Will strained to hear Hannibal. His thoughts, whispers, whatever he could glean, yet the boisterous elation of the guests filled his head to the brim with their loud voices and loud thinking.

Will sat back, defeated, looking around the room. With creeping fear, he recognized this as the first situation he had ever faced alone with humanity. He looked at them, answering questions, and laughing when the others laughed, yet he was in on a joke they were not.

"Where did you and Hannibal meet each other?" A guest, Lucien, asked.

"We worked together for the FBI." Will answered. That seemed years ago, possibly a lifetime ago.

"Ahh, an agent!" Someone excitedly replied.

Will thought of it, and agreed, lying, "Yes, I was an agent."

"Was?" Lucien asked again. "You don't do that anymore?"

"Not anymore." Will pretended to look sad. "I was injured, and forced into early retirement." Lucien looked repentant that he asked.

"I still consult with the Bureau when they need my expertise, but I keep myself busy with intellectual pursuit." Will smiled to ease the man.

Will heard the sink faucet in the kitchen open, yet from a probe to their guest's mind, he was sure no one else did.

"If you would pardon me for a moment, I must go check up on our host." Will explained as he stood. Their eyes followed him out, but once he left, they returned to insular discussion.

Will sought Hannibal who was washing his hands clean of blood.

Will waited silently for Hannibal to address him.

"Aras is dead." He spoke finally.

Will stood frozen. "How?" he asked calmly.

"He had been attacked by an older one. Someone hostile and gifted with poison." Hannibal scrubbed himself with gusto. "There was no way to save him."

"...I'm sorry Hannibal." Will wanted to hold him, to comfort him, yet it was inadvisable. He tried to enter Hannibal's mind, yet found it closed and stonelike.

"I must finish cleaning the steps to the house." Hannibal brushed past, a quick blur, his wet hands dripping onto the wooden floor.

Will returned to the guests in the other room, but his mind remained with Hannibal. He could not see anything from him, nor hear a thought. He worried, distressed.

A frightening mood pervaded Will. He despised being locked from Hannibal's mind. He hated the caterwauling of the humans in his space. He felt wolven teeth in his mouth and snarled thoughts in his mind that became increasingly hard to control and understand.

His gaze was focused, sight tunneled. It took Hannibal's palm on his shoulder to shake him out, to bring him back.

Hannibal stood behind him, dry and clean. Will looked up with a mask of content, but anger in his tone.
Hannibal squeezed his shoulder, yet this did not comfort Will, he resented him more.
“We will talk once the guests depart.” Hannibal thought to Will. “Please relax.”
Will did not think a reply, yet his emotions were plain, readable, he was coiling inside with rage still, his mouth fanged and canine.
“Go to the cellar.” Hannibal directed.
Will moved slowly, with bent knees, his eyes scanning the room.
Lucien watched him leave, as well as a couple of other humans. Hannibal distracted the group. “My partner must leave us for the night, but you must not despair.” He entranced the crowd. “We have the night, and plenty of wine still.”
Will heard the crowd give a polite chuckle from the kitchen. He lifted the door to the cellar, jumping past the rail of stairs down into the hole. The door closing after him.
He crouched in the dark. A dense smell in the room. Will could not see in the whole blackness, no light came into the cellar. Will lit a candle with the match on Hannibal’s night table.
In the soft glow of the flame he saw Aras’ body laying on it’s side, cuts on his neck and his limbs askew.
Will ignored the corpse. Sitting on his bed. He lay on his half, examining his thoughts, keeping as calm as he was able.
He heard footsteps on the floor above him when the sun was an hour from rising. The heels on the wood and tile trekked to the door and Hannibal was the last pair of shoes.
Will didn’t rise when Hannibal arrived.
Hannibal didn’t speak either, he gathered his dead child in his arms. He walked back up the stairs, immune to Aras’ weight.
Will waited while Hannibal disposed of the body, and returned.
The sun was just rounding the edge of the sky when Hannibal walked back down the steps. Naked, His hair was damp. He took a pair of pajama pants from the chest of drawers.
Will’s eyes struggled to stay open as he lay on his back. “I am sorry this night turned out so badly.” Will apologized.
“It could have been far worse.” Hannibal said. He was correct.
“I am sorry for you loss.” Will added. “I’m sorry about Aras.”
Hannibal nodded, silent. His mind closed.
“Why are you withholding from me?” Will asked, his voice croaking, dry, tired.
“Not everything must be experienced by the both of us.” Hannibal sighed. “My pain must be my own, it would do nothing for you to share in it.”
“If I can help you…” Will began.
Hannibal replied, “Please do not harbor any ill feelings towards me, but I do not need your help.” He laid in the bed.
Will bristled, and fought to keep himself still.
“Calm yourself, Will.” Hannibal tutted. “Come to me. “ He extended his arms and waited.
Will contemplated ignoring hannibal, to be rude. But his heart hurt at the thought of sleeping alone, sleeping sans the love he had grown to need for rest to truly come. He pulled his body into Hannibal's arms.
“I'm sorry.” Will said. “I don't mean to act this way.“
“I know. “ Hannibal said. “It is like that… in a few years perhaps you will be more in control of yourself and your mind.”
Will nestled in to Hannibal more with the relief of his kind words.

-
The next night, Will sat in Hannibal's garden, pondering next to the fresh mound of disturbed dirt. He fingered the closed petals of a rose flower, he sighed. Will scraped his fingers along the thorned stem. Will hated roses.
He licked the blood from the thorny cuts and found his own blood did create an appetite in him.
Will walked back into the kitchen of Hannibal's home.
Hannibal was standing by a counter, arranging cut flowers in a bouquet, standing in a small crystal vase.
"Who is that for?" Will asked. Unable still to see into Hannibal's thoughts.
"It is for us." Hannibal replied.
Will didn't frown but he was not pleased.
"Do you not like flowers?" Hannibal asked.
Will frowned. "I can't see your thoughts, but you can see mine."
Hannibal smiled. "If you do not like roses, what species of flower do you like?"
Will sighed in resignation. "Lilacs."
"Are you experiencing malaise?" Hannibal asked without looking at him.
"I'm depressed. Miserable" Will replied.
"What can I do to alleviate your depression?" Hannibal asked, absently adjusting his flower stems.
"You have to let me in." Will whispered but raising his tone. "How can I trust you when you're hiding from me like this?"
"Do you doubt my devotion to you?" Hannibal asked.
"I don't know what to think." Will replied. "You're like a slate of stone and I just don't know…"
"Your urgency to know, your mania, it is a symptom of this new life." Hannibal explained. "Just as a young human who is riddled with and anxieties, you must learn to trust in me."
"I should trust you into my grave as Aras did?" Will retorted.
"Aras had abused my trust." Hannibal bristled. "He was dangerous to allow around you, to have in my home."
Will paused and thought. "There was never a poison." He concluded. "You killed Aras."
"To protect you. To keep us safe." Hannibal did not attempt to deny his actions.
"And should the time come that I disobey you, I will be as dead as he is." Will realized.
"I trust you to make the right decisions in this life Will." Hannibal tried to hold Will, who rebuffed the affection. "You could never betray me the way Aras did, it is why I was drawn to you and to an extent, the reason I changed you."
Will withdrew himself, into the recess of his mind to avoid Hannibal's pressures in his head.
"You could never be like Aras, he was wild, careless, he reveled in brutalizing humans for his own fun." He brushed Will's hair back, caressed him.
Will knew himself, he knew his power. He saw himself in many permutations and held onto an epiphany. He knew what Hannibal knew. He saw the bloody actions as he cut open Aras' neck. Will almost tasted the blood that filled Hannibal's mouth. He saw everything Aras had done, the dead bodies Hannibal had to hide, the dead children. The death of the innocent men, who were missed and mourned by their kin.
He let Hannibal hold on to his body, he felt some pleasure in it, and knew that Hannibal had been correct in killing his child, yet it chilled him. Will could never again be as comfortable with Hannibal as he had. Yet he loved him implicitly, he brought Hannibal into his arms

again, but didn't smile.
"I'm thirsty." Will whispered into Hannibal's ear. He latched to Hannibal's neck, holding him. His taste was stronger, it was thicker. Hannibal's blood, tinged with the flavor of Aras'. Will was appreciative of it, the way it made him feel. Strong, and like he had opened the book of an old secret.
-
Three months and some days had passed since Aras had died. Will thought less of him in the winter months than he had when the incident was fresh in his mind. It bothered him less and less when days accumulated
Will and Hannibal had killed a wild young one, younger than Will was with his new blood. Only a week before, Hannibal had heard talk of the girl. Unaware of her power and her responsibility to humanity, she'd killed five humans before Hannibal acted against her. Hannibal let Will finish her after his first strike. Will drank every quart of blood in her body. After her body was all dry like a cornhusk, Will removed her head and her heart. He used his hands to do it, pleased to have the red painting on his skin.
Hannibal burned her corpse, the sight of his creation doused in the blood of their kill was a sight beautiful in the glow of the flames. "My love." Hannibal vocalized, almost a moan. He clung to Will with crushing force.
Will leaned into Hannibal's arms. He rubbed his cheek against Hannibal's and braced his palms on his back. "I love you." He said out loud, his mind peaceful, satiated.
"I love you, Will." Hannibal replied, holding to Will as though their love was new, astounding. He'd loved Will from the first night they met, yet his words from his mouth left a completely new flavor. It was sweeter and fuller than any blood, better than the rarest AB negative.
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Will refused a coat. He adored the feeling of snow brushing delicately his skin as it made its fall to the ground. It was a tickle, the cold was pleasurable now. He took to laying in the deep inches of accumulation wearing his pajama trousers and nothing else. It reminded Will of the orgasmic crest that used to break over his body. The cold pleased him doubly when Hannibal joined him in the garden to freeze.
He did so the night they returned from a psychology lecture. He stripped his clothes and sat next to the dead and thorny rose bush.
Hannibal had introduced Will as his partner. The first social engagement they had attended together, Will was his partner.
His mind filled with loving emotion, thoughts, colors, impulses. Every thing that Hannibal made him feel, it was present. He'd been proud, sitting with Hannibal. Their hands clasped over the arm of his chair.
During the reception after the expositional lecture, He'd wisped the room on Hannibal's arm still. Glowing in the thoughts of others, his lights shining back toward Hannibal's. He had thought little of his needs. His thirst was almost ignorable that night, only coming up when he stepped through the side door of their home.
He was satisfied now. Content to lay upon the snow covered grasses and listen to vocal music of the renaissance through windows of Hannibal's office.
The comfort that bathed him was absolute. He could remain, he could lay in the garden until he was no longer bound to the earth with this delicious pact he had made with an angelic demon.
He would, he chose to, bathe in blood for decades to come.
His life, as it was, would become history. His language would die, his thoughts become

antiquated. He knew this as Hannibal knew it.
His mind, it would learn every new aspect, Will was eager to see, what would come next.

Giorgio and Luca

Chapter Summary

> Will and Hannibal. Venice is breathtaking, yet what should be ecstasy for Will is misery, it is torture.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The shift of time had taken a surprisingly hard toll on Will. He found he woke hours before the sun set, lying in that wait with his eye trained on either Hannibal sleeping, or the soft clucking mantle clock.
He was famish by the time the sun properly set and Hannibal could be roused. He shook his shoulder when the process took too long for him. “Hannibal” he would whisper along with his nudges. “Please, wake up.”
His eyes would crease slowly as they opened. The first thing Hannibal saw every morning, Will’s excited face. He felt blessed, fortunate, the perfect curator of his own joy.
Two weeks they had been in Venice. Hannibal had slept lightly the first night, yet every night after, he lay like stone. Will, there to suffer boredom, not even a view of the Palazzo Contarini del Bovolo available to alleviate it. The canopy bed was soft, stuffed with feathers and down, but these languid hours became the worst of his day.
Two weeks in Venice, and yet...
He lay on his side, attempting in vain to read with any comprehension. His mind had seemed too full to take in new facts.
He glared lustily at the way Hannibal slept. Dead and poised, he did not move, and would not move until eight, the same time every night.
He watched Hannibal’s dream as it unfurled. Boring, a recitation of their journey. The boat Hannibal had usurped and the dark underbelly of it. Will had been so thirsty on their trip. Limited possibilities to sup, he’d bled Hannibal close to dry before the opportunity to prey came, jumping random vacation yachts and work vessels.
He receded into his own mind, stone like, but feeling and thinking inside the skin.
-
Will startled back with a soft kiss on his bare chest. He looked down, the top of Hannibal’s head resting on him in perfect repose.
“Another early rise Will?”
“Four hours.” Will nodded.
“It will pass.” Hannibal turned to look in Will’s face. “It is like ‘jet-lag’, from the change of time zone.”
“I don’t think I can take much more of this.” Will looked away at the ceiling.
Hannibal got up from the bed, adorning black tie. He was going slow, waiting for Will to rise and do the same.
Will sat on the edge of the old mattress and stared at his feet.

“Do you wish to hunt?”
“Of course I do.” His gaze snapped to Hannibal and back. Will brushed his hair back. He seemed to realize how short he had been and added, “I’m sorry. I’m tired and agitated…”
“Come here.” Hannibal commanded.
Will stood, unhappily he traipsed to Hannibal’s waiting form.
“Cheer up.” Hannibal said, reaching behind Will and smacking his bottom.
Will leaned in for a kiss, a cool brush of flesh that he could almost miss, like dipping his hands in water the same temperature as the room, but it was familiar now. He attempted to put his feelings to the side.
Hannibal powdered his face and his arms like a roman lady, using light bronzers to cover the pallor of his exposed skin. In Italy, Hannibal declared it a necessary step. It would “prevent gawking and unfavorable conversation.”
Will’s flesh still held onto the melanin of his former life, though with every passing month, it evaporated slightly. Soon he would also brush himself with horsehair bristles.
-
“Who do you want?” Hannibal asked in a soft, delicate voice walking in the symphony, Carmina Burana
“Who…” Will began, “Me?”
“Yes, who do you want?” He repeated.
He hadn’t needed the reiteration of course, he’d already looked at a couple twice now. Enticing enough to make his mind a swirl of animal thought and impulse. Carefully obeyed now, but they set off his thirst like a charming oasis.
“They could almost be us.” Hannibal smirked lifting the thought of the pair from Will.
Will pulled his cuff straight.
Their seats, two rows from the stage, they traded with an ecstatic couple from Guinea. Pretending to fumble down the row with a rueful smile, Will ambled over to their intended.
“My boyfriend, he got the seat number backwards!” He smiled full of teeth, “We’re sorry.” He bumped knees and bags during his gooberish explanation.
“Please, pardon us.” Hannibal added to the couple as they bushed by.
Will sat next to one of the men, Hannibal on his right side, attempting to look embarrassed.
“Oh it’s really fine, they haven’t even begun.” One of them smiled, consoling Will.
“This happens to us all the time, I swear I’m going to be in charge of tickets from now on.” He glanced to his side secretly.
“You seem familiar.” The man gave Will a sideways glance, as if looking at him from another view would be enlightening. “Have we met before?”
Will pretended to search his mind as he rifled through the humans. “I believe we met at Marietta's new years party… Though I may be mistaken… Giorgio? Isn’t it?” Will asked.
“Yes, yes!” He agreed. “I knew I recognized you….”
“Will.” will supplied.
“Yes, Will.” He smiled and it was becoming on him.
“Do you remember Luca?” He asked, taking the man by hand and showing.
“Of course I do.” Will smiled again. “Having good luck in property still?”
“Business is going well, yes.” He was glad to be remembered fondly.
“This is Hannibal.” Will gestured softly. “He’s a new acquisition.” He laughed at his own joke to sink it in.
They all laughed as well.
“Very nice to meet you Hannibal.” Giorgio reached across the small aisle to shake his hand.
“Nice to meet you as well.” He replied softly. Fitting into a persona for the evening.

“Always nice to have compatriots at these things.” Georgio added, nodding to the stage.
“It is.” Will replied. “It’s lovely to know others are hearing things as you are, and to perhaps even talk about it after, over drinks?”
“We must.” Giorgio confirmed.
Luca’s mind danced alighted at the opportunity for drinks once the show was over.
“You must tell me how you have been.” Will added before the conductor took the stage to thunderous applause.
They nodded to confirm that, at least for now, attention should be elsewhere.
Even though he looked forward, took in every bow, every drum, every word, Will could hear still the heartbeat of his prey. He envisioned, pouring out of Georgio the blood that was sealed up in him, pressurized, waiting to flow.
Will was deep in the minds of the humans around him, experiencing through them the pleasure of the performance. But Hannibal tensed, Will could feel.
The blue white glow of a backlit phone took him out of rapture. Will gripped Hannibal’s hand, “let it go.” he thought directly.
Words never came from Hannibal, but an aura rolling off of him was dangerous.
Will looked at the human with the device. Recording the players.
“We have plans, Hannibal.” he thought.
Hannibal’s sat back, as though his predatory mood was turned off with a switch
Will reached over the threshold of the arm rest. He held on to Hannibal’s palm, rubbing his thumb against the soft ridges of flesh on his hand. Hannibal returned the affection.
-
The four walked together to their next destination. At Luca’s suggestion they came to the Divino. Swarming and busy with all kinds of humans, they blended in with the uproar.
Georgio and Will told bright jokes that amused crowds, pressing wine glasses up to their closed lips, dumping the drinks into empty glasses when there were no eyes on them.
When Luca and Giorgio were warm, drunk and happy, Will offered them the invitation;
“Come back to our home, more drinks are there for you, and Hannibal is silently dying to show off his art collection to someone new.”
They spoke silently with each other, Will watched in amusement the way they conveyed the consensus decision with an eyebrow, a miniscule smile. It was not as depthful as the way Hannibal and Will communicated, but it was effective.
“Of course, we would love to.” Giorgio spoke for them.
The part of Will’s brain, the one that informed his instinctual skill hummed along the walk.
He walked with Giorgio, Hannibal with Luca. The humans smelled stronger, the sweat and the oil from their pores wafting to Will in the hot, humid weather.
This long game, the wait for the bite made it more enticing. It was the reason they lured these people to them. When the blood came, it would taste better, a larger accomplishment.
The unbroken deception made him feel more powerful. His abilities to beguile and charm, he looked to Hannibal behind him, smiling.
“May I use your restroom?” Luca asked when they arrived.
“Of course, it is down the hallway, on the other side of the courtyard.” Hannibal walked, gesturing.
“How about another drink?” Will asked Giorgio, his mischievous glint unmistakable.
“Please.” He replied.
Hannibal chimed in, “Please, have a seat.”
Giorgio sat in the middle of their old sofa. The embroidered fabric was worn from the centuries, but held up.

Will came through with two glasses of scotch. Setting one in Giorgio's hand, he pretended to sip his own after a soft clink of their glasses together.
Hannibal sat in his chair to the side of the sofa, softly looking to the human with no agenda, just the gaze of an old man with no need for filling the conversational void.
"Your home feels very… Serene." Giorgio admired.
"I feel the same about it, thank you." Hannibal replied.
Will couldn't agree honestly. He had yet to have a full day's sleep, but he couldn't deny it's antique charm and comfort.
Luca returned to the sitting room. Will sprang up to fill him a glass as well.
Luca did not sit, but looked to the walls and their canvases. The old ornamental frames almost as impressive as the art inside them. He stopped before one. "Leda and the Swan?" He asked. "How titillating."
"You would point out the only piece I brought with me to Italy." Hannibal smiled, rounding the plank floor to him, viewing the piece together.
They looked at it, Giorgio paying it a glance before looking back to Will, continuing their conversation from the bar, about Will's life in America. He was curious, as almost all people are, of the way people live in another country, almost as curious as they are of the biggest difference between the nations.
He told Giorgio how, Louisiana is like a separate country in itself. That it's like nowhere and the people are autonomous. That Baltimore is called 'Balmer', that Washington DC was so affected with poverty. He let Giorgio feast on his new information, stroking the pleasure centers of his curiosity till he grew sated and tired.
"Let me pour you another glass." Will smiled, taking the crystal by the base from Giorgio's enfeebled hand.
Hannibal and Luca were looking on together in an old tome, the prints of woodcut reliefs.
Will made another drink for Luca too. He was not yet at the intoxication they desired for him. He took the old, empty glass and replaced it with the new one, seamlessly. He didn't know it happened.
His mind was preoccupied with jealousy. He was jealous of Will's relationship. He wished Giorgio cared more for the history, the art. He felt bad, at least, for thinking those thoughts.
Will dipped into Hannibal's thoughts as well, yet more as a caress. A loving stroke as he passed by, a reminder of their union, an affection. Hannibal lifted his eyes from the book and smiled.
Giorgio had been speaking, he spoke of trips from his youth, months spent in the United Kingdom when he realized he did not speak English nearly as well as he thought he could.
Will nodded. Giorgio's English even now was slipping, he was drunk and sliding back and forth between languages. Will knew all languages now. The warmth of the Italian filled him and he kept up perfectly.
Will watched him drink the alcohol, envious of his pleasure. He sat snugly next to Giorgio. Chatting him in Italian.
"You speak like a native." He commended.
"Hannibal taught me, first I learned Latin, then I learned Italian."
"I'm impressed." His smile was loopy and uneven.
"I had a great teacher."
"I have to admit." Giogio's tone lowered. "I failed Latin in school."
Will laughed genuinely, his teeth shining off of the lamp light, his hair falling back, his throat exposed.
"Carmina Burana, then?" He teased. "Was this education or a date for you two."

“It was a little of both.” He answered mock- ruefully.
“Speak Latin for me, please.” He ushered on, finishing his glass once more.
“Perhaps when I am not so drunk.” Will lied.
He hummed and leaned his head back, against the lip of the sofa, he held the glass with light weak fingers between his legs.
Will leaned over, with his index finger and his thumb he pinched the rim of the glass and set it on the end table. He glanced over to Luca, a heavy drinker who’s hand was on Hannibal’s shoulder to brace himself, to keep steady.
Will filled Giorgio’s glass and walked over to Hannibal and Luca. He traded glasses with Luca, who protested.
“I really shouldn’t” He put his hand out.
Will gave him a look and he took the glass.
Will walked Luca back to the sofa and deposited him next to his lover, whom Luca pat on the leg and smiled at with his intoxicated grin.
“Mio dolce amore.” He whispered with the look of a ghost, gazing on his love from a vale of separation. Leaning his head against Giorgio’s shoulder, his eyes closed. He was not yet sleeping, but fading. He dreamed of Giorgio as though he were in a deep REM state. Quiet smiles on his mouth he budged in closer to his lover’s neck.
Will returned to Hannibal who stood still by the perimeter. He wound his arm around Hannibal, stroking his waist delicately. Hannibal took Will’s hand into his own, he held the palm with eight fingers and brushed his thumbs over the top. He raised Will’s hand to his mouth pressed his cold lips to it.
Kissing.
A new advent for Hannibal. Something new, inspiring. Something Will instigated in him. The sweet human gesture that Hannibal found irresistible.
Hannibal gestured for them to press on.
Will sat on the arm of the sofa, the side where Giorgio was nestled. Hannibal sat next to Luca on the arm of the piece.
Will’s head felt heavy. Heavy with his need, for blood and the hot feeling of flesh in his hands. His hands ached for it.
Will leaned into Giorgio and sniffed him, holding back a high whine in his throat.
Hannibal touched Luca’s sleeping form, brushing the soft hair of his arm with a fingertip. His thoughts were pure. How beautiful they were. How wonderful their love was, how he wanted to be part of it.
Will pulled the bowtie from the neck of Giorgio’s shirt, unbuttoning the top of his shirt. He pulled the cotton away from his throat, gently.
He knelt forward, bending, doubled over the human’s body. His teeth felt enormous against his cheek.
Every time he did this, it felt like the first time, the way the excitement stacked up. He licked his lips unnecessarily, delaying his gratification, torturing himself.
Hannibal stared at him, his eyes never left Will’s face as he sniffed, fussed.
Will opened his mouth. He tried to be as delicate as Hannibal was. The bite that made no pain. He pushed through the skin at Giorgio’s throat easily.
The first pump of blood filled his mouth, pushed into him. And he was connected to Giorgio. He could feel through Giorgio the way the earth felt. He could relive those human sensations. Briefly, fleetingly. He could feel the perfect peace of sleep through his companion’s mind. What Will had been so torturously lacking the last few weeks he found now through Giorgio’s unconscious slumber.

He drank, wishing he were in a similar rest. Luxurious and deep he was now into Giorgio. So deep, he could lose himself in it, the blood. He went so deep.
Hannibal's palm closed over the top of Will's face, he clamped over his eyes and his nose he pulled back on his head, wrenching him from Giorgio's neck that was ripped open, gaping, and Giorgio's frantic fingers flitting over the wound as spastically as he could.
Will covered his own mouth with his hands as though that could undo his actions. He closed his eyes when Hannibal stepped in, attempting to close the wound with his own own bloody hands.
"What have I done" Will murmured to himself. He could feel it in him still, all of that blood. He was gorged, drunk on it. Fattened like a tick on a doe. "Oh no." Will added.
Hannibal stepped away from Giorgio who lay askew on the sofa. "He is dead."
Will slumped to the floor with a blank gaze on him. He looked at Giorgio but saw past him, into the void air beyond the sofa.
Hannibal walked around Will's line of sight, Will too captivated to see. Until Hannibal showed Luca's struggling grimace to him, his veiny hand covering the human mouth. "Take him as well. They will be together."
Will looked up, the tension on his skin plying his lips apart so far up he looked. "I can't"
"Take him or I will kill him, and waste his blood."
"Please don't make me do this." Will cried softly.
"End his suffering." Hannibal tried. He wrung Luca's neck with his hands.
"Stop!" Will yelled. "We can make him forget all of this."
Hannibal raised his eyebrow. "The last 5 years, finito?"
Will nodded, the dry sobs with no tears.
"You did this, fix it." He said letting Luca fall on Will.
Luca, he was weak, helpless rolling from Will to the floor in front of him, he yelped, unable to lift himself up even from his horror and torture.
"Please." Luca whispered in between cries, his face pressed against the wood plank floor. "Just kill me."
Will's gaze snapped to Luca's eyes, a frown on them.
"Why would you…" Will trailed off.
"I can't live without him." The gross affection in his throat malforming his words. "You killed me already, he's dead."
Will turned slowly like he were a fly in a vat of honey, stuck, and slowly making his way to an exit.
"Come back here." Hannibal demanded.
Will turned, unable to understand this cruelty.
Hannibal knelt down, picking Luca up by the back of his suit collar.
"Hannibal, please stop." Will begged.
"You won't do this." He said. "Not for Luca? Not for me?"
Will's face burned and he sobbed. "I can't"
Hannibal growled. His face wrath and rage, he held Luca's hair and made sure Will watched him when he bit into Luca again.
Will wanted to look away. He wished he could, but his eyes were frozen where Hannibal wanted them to be. So he starred, helpless.
Hannibal ate sloppily, letting the blood leak from his mouth and from the wound, staining Luca's clothing and his own.
He let Luca go, his body falling back to the floor.
He was not dead. But he was no longer conscious. Without blood infusions, he never would

wake again.
“Will you take him now?” Hannibal asked. “Now that his fate is decided?”
Will shook his head in the negative.
Hannibal turned Luca’s body over, so his chest faced the ceiling. He undid the buttons of his dress shirt and pulled back the soft cotton with the blood stains.
Will felt uneasy, expectant.
Hannibal pressed his fingers into Luca’s abdomen, under the rib bones and into the chest cavity. Skillfully, easily he pulled Luca’s heart from his body. He offered it to Will. His hand dripping blood, outstretched and waiting.
Will wanted to be disgusted. He was to an extent, but that heart was so hot, so recently beating, the smell and the soul.
He began to pant. He hated himself for it. He wanted to strike himself down for this lowly disgusting banal attraction he had.
“Eat his heart.” Hannibal asked.
Will shook his head.
“Eat it. Or I will throw it out of the window.” Hannibal threatened.
Will closed his eyes and shook his head. He would not.
What had Will done? He hated this night. He hated himself. A killer. He’d lost control before, he had killed before, surely. But only the evil. Giorgio, he had been so kind to them. A delightful human being full of compassion, and a charitable heart that would never beat again.
Why did Hannibal torture him? He had to wonder. He taught Will these ways. He’d never killed… Not like this.
Hannibal still held out the organ in his palm, blood dripping from it to a pool that raced through the plank seams in the floor.
He would never forgive himself this. Will slipped out of his clothes, letting them drop wherever.
He made up his mind, whatever lesson Hannibal was teaching, he would do it. He was sure, Hannibal would not stop now. He would push Will on and on, killing every human they seduced until he had his will done.
Will’s mouth elongated, his legs brought him down to the bloody flood and he whined at Hannibal. Expressing his emotion in a way he could never do in humanoid skin.
Hannibal knelt to Will’s height and offered the heart to him again. The high whistle from Will’s snout apparent, but he licked the blood on Hannibal’s fingers.
Hannibal’s free hand wrapped its fingers around Will’s ears, rubbing them back.
How long now had it been since Will had the unique texture of meat in his mouth? Months, surely. It felt alien now, like an infant's first taste of cracker. His oversized teeth grasped the whole muscle in his mouth while he gnawed on it, indelicately.
Hannibal still set on his haunches, watching Will, watching his creature devour. His mind thought positive adjectives but it mostly conjured emotion that was profound and idolatric.
Will whined as he ate the heart. He gulped the remainder down in one to be done with it.
Hannibal tutted and reached over to rub Will’s ears again.
Will backed away defensively and growled his most fearsome.
“You would bite me? The hand that feeds you?” Hannibal smiled, amused with himself.
Will bared his teeth, edging closer to Hannibal’s crouched form. Hannibal’s hand outstretched. He rubbed Will again, boldly, massaging the blood into his fur.
Will leaned into the hand. He hated himself.

Chapter End Notes

I could not leave Will be. Our favorite wolf-pire is back, and he is suffering.

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